

Fancy Vests for Swells.

Waistcoats of Dazzling Hues Popular with the Leaders of Duedom.

The Plain and Unpretentious Article Banished from the Realm of Fashion.

SOME OF THE GORGEOUS DESIGNS.

Run All the Way from Corduroys and Plaids of Various Hues to Corded and Brocaded Silks—Tastes of Some Well-Known Men.

She shed a tear upon his breast; The effort made him wince, His vest was made of flannel And he hasn't seen it since!

These touching lines were written before the days of the modern waistcoat, which is more gorgeous in tint and in design than was Joseph's coat of many colors.

John Kendrick Bangs wrote of a man, who saw a concert and heard a game of pool, and this is the sort of language one must use in describing the nineteenth century waistcoat. Those worn by the gilded youth of to-day echo faintly in the clubs and reverberate in the hotel corridors of the town.

Time was when long-haired artists wept over the sameness of masculine attire and cried out for the lace and velvet and diamond buckles of past centuries, but that was before the present era of soft-fitting silken underwear, radiant bath robes and dazzling waistcoats.

There is a story told of a young and somewhat underdone member of the Calumet Club, who has made a point of astonishing his fellow members each day by some new and gorgeous article of apparel. He strolled into the dining room the other day wearing a waistcoat which looked like a beautiful Italian sunset. He had enjoyed his partridge and artichoke salad for some time before he became aware of the fact that a man wearing smoked glasses sat at a table directly opposite him, regarding him with attention.

The extremely loud waistcoats are worn by the younger men, as a rule, but the plain and unpretentious waistcoat of the past has almost gone out of existence. The swell tailors on Fifth avenue make up dozens of the patterned variety in rich materials to one of the old style.

When Berry Wall abdicated the throne of Duedom several years ago in favor of Mr. Louis Onatavia, who, I believe, was accorded the honor of wearing the widest trousers and the longest cuffs of any man in New York, Chappiedom experienced a rude shock.

But it was soon to enjoy the delight of a new fashion which was set by the new king, who walked into Delmonico's cafe one morning wearing a rough plaid waistcoat of English make. The young men who sat about at the various tables "picking up" on brandy and soda looked sorely grieved at one another. Something awful had happened. They were thinking.

I fancy that the Calumet Club would have been as shocked as the members of the club were at the time. The Duke of Marlborough while in New York showed the most extreme English taste in his wardrobe in drab and chambray color. His cousin, the Hon. Ivor Guest, wore dark blues, faintly patterned and very high in cut.

Creighton Webb, who frequently indulges in expensive waistcoats of black, zigzagged in stripes resembling electric flashes. He also appears frequently in corduroy in various shades of gray. Brockholst Cutting is fond of gray corduroy waistcoating and has many beautiful corded patterns in dark colors. Some of these are especially imported fabrics, having an infinitesimal gold thread running through them, which in the light often seem wearing a waistcoat of unmistakable English make, loose and checked in the pattern, but of different colors in the material. It is like rough velvet in texture.

Berry Wall, dining with his pretty wife at one of the best hotels one evening last week, wore a modest waistcoat of black corded silk, upon which a small white fleur-de-lis was brocade.

John Jacob Astor, who always dresses quietly and in good taste, possesses several waistcoats of the same material and pattern, but of different colors in the shades. They are of heavy silk rep, with a small pin-head dot in cream white sparsely scattered upon the surface. John Drew, whom many consider the best dressed man in New York, does not affect the waistcoat, which looks as though it were hand painted. His wardrobe includes many of the new style garments, but they are subdued in tone and only have a suggested pattern. Many of the leading moon run the Calumet men a close race in the gorgeous color and elaborate design of their waistcoats. At this season of the year they are principally displayed in the hotel corridors, and many of them resemble Turner landscapes and impressionistic studies.

KATE MASTERSON.

They Need Their Shirts. [Philadelphia Record.]

Whether there shall be war or peace there seems to be a tacit understanding that men of all nations will still "keep their shirts on." As a proof of this observe the movement in the cotton market. That staple has advanced in price despite the war tale.

Side Doors Front Issues. [Philadelphia Times.]

As Mayor Strong is disposed to liberalize the Sunday law in New York, the change may involve bringing the side door again to the front.

Solid for America. [Chicago Chronicle.]

It is a significant thing that Tammany speaks out loud for Governor Cleveland in his controversy with John Bull. There is a power of strong fighting in Tammany, and there is not one drop of Anglophobia blood in the whole Wigwam.

"He's Too Pretty Wid His Mug, See?"

Chuck Connors Scornfully Criticizes the Actor Who Personates "Chimmie Fadden," and Vows he Doesn't Do the Bowery Justice—Still the Play is Good and Some of the People "De Real G'ing."



Mr. Hopper as "Chimmie Fadden." (Drawn from a photograph made for the Journal.)

"He went do. He's too fancy; too pretty wid his mug, see! Puts on too much style wid his hocks wid all doze motions, see? You tumbles in a minute dat dat blost never hung out wid do mob, an' couldn't find d' Bend wid a search warrant. He's too swell, too gay, too funny wid his lumps, makes too rich a front, see! wid all doze nob tugs. He might go for a pinkie, dat sucker might; but you can betcher life he aint in line wid de reg'lars."

The speaker was Chuck Connors, well and favorably known as the Ward McAllister of the Bowery; one of the anointed 400 of the Lane. Chuck accompanied a Journal man to the opening night of "Chimmie Fadden," and dispensed these sage doles of and concerning Charles H. Hopper as he appeared in the title role.

"D' stodge is a dead ringer for de Points," observed Chuck as the curtain went up. "Dere's Cohen's joint all right, only dey's no elevated junction at d' Points."

When Hopper first appeared Chuck vouchsafed the extended criticism set forth above. "An' d' sucker sings t'ru his nose," complained Chuck at the first song of Hopper's. "He went do; I tips youse dat. Dat sucker don't go for nlt. He's tryin' to coper a sneak on Brodie's biz; dat's what he's out for."

"See d' old gal in d' winder?" asked Chuck, as Marie Bates (Mrs. Murphy) let down her can for beer—"d' old cat lushin', I meane! Dat's d' Bowery every time; dat's dead nacker! de old dame an' her booze's in d' push safe."

Sidney Price as His Whiskers appeared. The critical Chuck seemed to take Sidney Price as a personal affront. "G't onto de sucker in d' sideburns; d' one wid d' long gray slingers. Is he d' leadin' blost?" queried Chuck.

Chuck was told that his surmise was correct. "Well, he's so rotten he shines," retorted Chuck vivaciously. "Dere's a bad perfume goes wid his actin'; he makes me tired, dat stuff does."

Chuck's wandering fancies were brought back to Hopper in the character of Chimmie Fadden.

"What was the matter with him?" was asked.

"Well, he don't do; dat's wot de matter wid d' mug," said Chuck. "He's too fine. Take one of d' real Bowery sort out graftin' for his grub an' lush wid a week's wool on his map, d' youse c'ink he'll have a uniform like dat? Not on yer life. Dat guy—wot's his name? Hopper?—is better togged than me, an' I've got on me suit, don't yer forget it. I even makes a borry of d' coat to come in," and here Chuck indicated an overcoat which he wore, the same being somewhat passe. "Besides," concluded Chuck, "he f'rows us too much of d' mon key."

"Monkey?" repeated the Journal man.

"Spreads out his fins an' motions wid 'em when he's raggin'," explained Chuck. "An' he rubs his mug like he's dead stuck on hisself. Dey don't do dose in d' Bowery. Most bloats—d' reg'lars, I meane; dose dat's dead fly an' onto everything from Mother Sut's to Beefsteak John's—dey don't go skatin' round like dey's happy, same as dis sucker; dey acts like dey's sore on demselves, see! It's d' Bowery every time t' act like youse is dead sore."

The fight between Chimmie and Moxie in the first act awakened Chuck's professional scorn. "Dat Hopper could a-copped an upper-cut wid his left; w'y didn't he?" said Chuck at one crisis. "Dat blost he's up ac'inst is a mark; dat Hopper oughter do him in a walk."

Chuck endorsed The Duchess of Bert Franklin.

"G't onto her little Tribby," said Chuck, admiringly, as Miss Franklin perched on a table and swung her feet. "She's a peach, she's strictly in it, see! Dat chip would do for a steady. But wot's she talkin' 'bout she's singin' sounds like Swede Mollie."

Irene Viancourt as Maggie, a girl of the Bowery, could "wing no praise from Chuck.

"Say, dey wouldn't do a t'ing to dat chip if she ever hit d' Lane—oh, no! and the ignoble Chuck laughed hoarsely. Let the exhibition suffer from the tart and cynical criticism of Chuck. It should be added that, taking the show as an entirety, Chuck thought well of it and declared in its favor.

"Yer see, dey's lots of it's straight. D' kids, d' cop, d' street organ, d' old Tommy rushin' d' can, d' chip lookin' d' clock; dat's all like it. But dis Fadden's a fake. Yousse might pipe off d' Bowery a mont' an' never see not'in' like

Barbarism Near By.

A Settlement of Half-Civilized People Up in the Catskills.

Little Known of Religion or the Laws of Society.

The Trading of Wives Almost as Common as the Trading of Horses.

THEY FIND BLISS IN IGNORANCE.

Strange Little Hamlet in Ulster County That Contains People Who Have Never Seen a Train or a Steamboat.

In a little settlement back of Krumville, away up in the extreme northeastern part of Ulster County, in the wildest region of the Catskill Mountains, live a people whose condition borders close on barbarism. Most of them have never seen a railway train or a steamboat, the world outside of their immediate settlement being a sealed book. Wives are traded as frequently and with as little ceremony as horses, and religion is an unknown quantity.

Marriages are of the common-law sort and divorces are secured without appeals to the courts.

It was only recently that an old man, tiring of his wife, who had reached the age of sixty, and, desiring a younger one, effected a trade with a neighbor, giving an old silver watch as boot to atone for the disparity in the ages of the two females. Trades of this kind are of common occurrence.

Children born in this locality are brought up in this state of semi-barbarism. There are no educational advantages except those of a district school, some miles distant, which is open for a couple of months only during the winter.

Boys learn to chew and smoke tobacco at an age when other boys have not long discarded dresses. They learn to use the name of God only as an oath.

The reading is confined to the newspaper that comes to the schoolmaster occasionally, when he happens to be in the settlement. It is to him that the inhabitants look for some stray bits of news regarding the great world of which they have heard so little. Satisfied with drudgery and toil and the meagre living they get from their small farms, they never think of venturing over the mountain tops and descending to the valley where the railway trains would carry them to civilization.

Perhaps the one ray of sunshine that comes into the lives of these poor people is the visit of the country schoolmaster, when the district school is blessed by his presence. As is the custom in the country, the schoolmaster "boards round"; that is, he visits at different periods of his school term among the various families of his district. Of course he is given a right royal welcome, and although the fare is of the poorest and rudest kind, yet true hospitality is given him.

After the evening meal the host hands his guest a well-worn corn-pipe, and, taking one himself, prepares to enjoy his evening smoke. The boys of the family, if there be any, also reach for their pipes, and lighting them, smoke with the experience of veterans.

It would be simple charity to send missionaries to try and redeem these rough and untutored men and women from among the mountain peaks of the Catskills.

England Is Learning. [London Saturday Review.]

We are not loved by our colonists and kindred beyond the seas.

But why should they love us? What have we ever done to win their affection or deserve their support? The answer is that we have never done anything for them; that we have treated our children with a more callous indifference than we have shown to the help which they deposit in our rivers. If we get at the cause of this, we shall not be far from the true moral of Ernest Cleveland's message. There is one cause, and only one, for the present condition of the relations between ourselves and our kindred. For a hundred years we have carried a crude liberalism have governed these relations of Golden and Bright. Let the industrial competition, they declared, be untrammelled by any sentimental condition of kinship or of a common loyalty, and peace and prosperity will obtain throughout the world. Instead of peace and brotherhood, we have protective tariffs and industrial war. Selfishness as a rule of conduct on our part has called forth selfishness in our kindred.

As England grows strong and secure in the love of the colonies for the mother country, and the love of the mother country for the colonies, she will win by degrees the love and respect of the English-speaking people of the United States. But she must no longer expect to sit in a box at Hammerstein's Olympia and criticize Miss Vaughn's newgirl act for the Journal.

Winnie wore the garments that have long made her small figure a familiar one at the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, where she does business. The actress was attired in the same manner, wearing a toilet she had purchased from the girl, and the two looked enough alike to pass for twins. Miss Horn's tumbled mass of curly brown hair was surmounted by a hat that was the wonder and admiration of every lady in the theatre. It was her Sunday hat, which Winnie sometimes wears on week days when the weather is fine.

The front of the hat, which is of brown felt, towers up and spreads out like the fanlight over a hall door. To the top of this elevation was attached the heavy black veil which the girl wears all the time, Summer and Winter. A broad black muffer, cream colored coat and a vivid plaid skirt completed the attire of "Winnie the newgirl."

During the first act Miss Horn looked positively bored, and her corroborating raters could be heard above the tumult on the stage. But when the curtain rolled up on the second scene, in which the specialties take place, the little newgirl grew mildly excited.

Yvette Guilbert says we laughed at the wrong place. She said she felt the near side of the crossing for her applause.

Hat to an Artist. [Washington Post.]

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The Gentleman Will Please Rise. [Elmira Gazette.]

For President of the United States—some good man.

"Them's My Clothes Cut Shorter."

Winnie the News Girl Makes Critical Remarks About Theresa Vaughn, Who Sells Journals on the Garden Theatre Stage Made Up as Winnie Looks When She Sells Them on the Street.



Miss Theresa Vaughn as Winnie the News Girl. (Drawn from a photograph made for the Journal.)

"In her looks the imitation of me is enchanting, but I don't like them songs she sings. I don't sing that kind of songs myself."

In brief, this is a criticism on Theresa Vaughn's make-up as the "newgirl" in "Excelsior, Jr.," by the original girl herself, who attended the performance recently for the purpose of expressing an opinion. Winnie Horn, that quaintly clad little girl who sells papers at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, has some rather pronounced ideas concerning the stage. She does not believe in theatres, nor does she consider them proper resorts for young girls. But for once Miss Horn smothered her conscientious scruples long enough to sit in a box at Hammerstein's Olympia and criticize Miss Vaughn's newgirl act for the Journal.

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"That's my voice," she exclaimed, as Miss Vaughn was heard crying "Morning Journal" in the wings. "You'll see the rest of me in a minute. But, say," the critic

went on in a disappointed tone, "I don't sell morning papers, only when there's a big prize fight or something like that and accidents. The people won't see no difference, I guess."

When the counterfeit newgirl bounded into the glare of the footlights the genuine miss blushed red.

"Them's my clothes," she whispered, "but they've put ticks in the skirt. That blue dress used to come down to my feet, and now look at it, away up to her knees. But that's my coat and hat and smile and Roosevelt tooth. It's great, and everybody knows who she is taking off, too. She doesn't look cold enough," Miss Horn went on critically. "If she stood on my corner these cold nights in that low-cut dress her neck would freeze, sure. But then they've got to make some allowance for the stage."

"I notice one thing that isn't true to nature. She ought to have a pencil and write Bible texts and lines from Shakespeare on the margins of the papers. That's what I do for some of my customers, and they like it. 'Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,' and 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' is what I write mostly."

As Miss Vaughn did not inscribe any of these texts on the paper her performance may be said to lack artistic finish. That is, from a professional standpoint, as viewed by Miss Horn. The songs to which the newgirl took such violent objection were a collection of German ditties and "Annie Rooney," rendered in the same tongue. These vocal efforts made a great hit with the audience, but Winnie looked utterly disgusted.

"I'm not Dutch," she whispered, "and I don't play on no banjo. She's going too far there, but then my friends know that I don't sing such songs. Hymns is what I sing when I have time. But, all the same, Miss Vaughn is nice and good, and I like her, but then songs," and the newgirl shuddered violently. Miss Horn was free to admit that her own old clothes, as worn by the actress, were a great and artistic triumph. As for the rest of it, she thought the character did not do her justice.

"I'd rather be a good girl than the best actress in the world or the Queen of New York either," the little paper seller said, with decision, as she left the theatre. Those Dutch songs have evidently convinced Miss Horn that the stage is not just what it ought to be.

An Estate of Three Feet.

A Lot in New York Which Is Smaller Than a Page of the Journal.

This Property in Fourteenth Street Is Hardly Big Enough to Stand On.

WOULD BRING A BIG PRICE.

Worth About \$50 a Square Inch, Its Total Value Being in the Neighborhood of \$2,000—Queer Uses to Which It Is Put.

There is an estate in one of the principal business thoroughfares in New York which is not as large as a single page of the Journal. It has a frontage on the street of exactly three feet and a depth of one foot.

This estate, three feet square in extent, is situated at the corner of Fourteenth street and Irving place. All property in this vicinity has a fabulous value, and the smallest estate in New York is by no means the cheapest. It is valued at about \$2,000, or about \$50 per square inch.

It has been suggested that the location of this valuable property would offer many attractions to a new dealer. The dimensions of the estate it was thought would perhaps tempt the man of papers more or less, but this business could be carried on in rather smaller quarters than most other lines of trade. It was planned that the office furniture of this little establishment was to occupy the entire estate. The head of the firm was to station himself on the property next to the street, so that he might stand behind the counter. The office furniture was to consist of two soap boxes set up on end with a single rough board resting on this more or less secure foundation. The experiment was tried for a time, but it was finally given up for want of room. It was found that even a single paper could not be arranged on the counter so that it would rest only on the property. It lapped over on the next yard.

The stand was then utilized for some time as a miniature cigar store. An ordinary box of cigars it was discovered fitted very neatly into this property. By placing a cigar box lengthwise on the stand there was no danger of trespassing. A difficulty arose, however, when it was thought necessary to the business interests the concern to construct an awning over the merchandise. It is obvious that an awning one foot in width would be of very little service, and so this project for utilizing the smallest estate in New York was also given up.

One of the most ingenious schemes in utilizing the property was that of a Christmas fair. The fair found that the frontage of the lot gave him just enough room to stand on and arrange his display of tin animals beside him. But it was impossible to do more than this. As soon as the painted toys were set in motion they trespassed on the property on all four sides.

The property would make the smallest farm in the world. It would be just large enough, for instance, to grow three cabbages, if they were carefully arranged in a row. The three square feet of soil could also provide nutriment for just three corn stalks. A single potato plant would be likely to undermine the next field, and fruit of one tomato vine would be sure to hang over the boundary and create no end of boundary disputes. It is, besides, much too narrow for a chicken coop, although, very carefully fenced in, it might serve very well as a chicken yard for a brood of very small chickens.

This diminutive property is very much too short and narrow to be used for a grave, unless for that of a very small pet dog or canary bird. The landlord of this valuable property cannot, therefore, be expected to lay even a very small wreath of flowers on this lot without its lapping over on the neighboring city property on all four sides.

Pierce Fight with Panthers.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.] While hunting in the Big Cypress Swamp December 17, Robert Travers, Frank McNulty, David Poole and John Weatherford encountered two panthers. A desperate battle followed, in which the panthers were killed, but not until they had slain eight dogs, probably mortally wounded Poole and Weatherford, and fatally lacerated Travers and McNulty. The dogs and panthers were first on the spot. While looking for the game one of the panthers sprang from an overhanging limb on the hunters, knocking them down and tearing them with its claws. The dogs rushed in, when the second panther came to its mate's aid and discomfited the hounds as fast as it could strike.

Poole and Weatherford were being ripped to pieces when Travers and McNulty arrived. They fired at the panthers, which, wounded by the shots, left Poole and Weatherford and sprang at the new-comers. Travers carried a heavy revolver, which he used as the beasts came to close quarters. After three shots the panther that attacked Travers dropped dead. Travers then turned to aid McNulty, who was fighting the second beast. Travers fired, killing the animal instantly. Although torn about the face, Travers and McNulty cared for Poole and Weatherford, who were unconscious. Aid was summoned from a nearby squatter's home. Poole and Weatherford survived, and doctors called from Port Myers. Poole and Weatherford are torn in twenty places, the wounds that threaten death being across the abdomen. The eight dogs appear to have been killed each by a single blow. The panthers measured over eleven feet in length, being the largest ever killed in the Big Cypress.

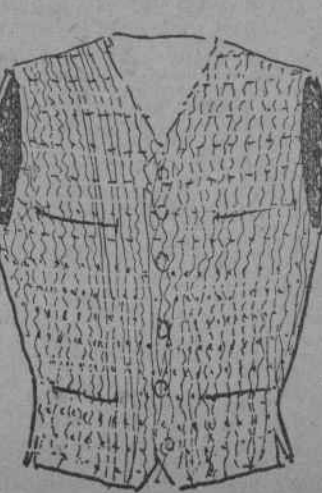
The Ducks Would Suffer.

[St. Paul Globe.] When his term as President is over Mr. Cleveland could spend a little time pleasantly with the Emperor of Japan, who is one of the greatest sportsmen of the Orient.

Caused Trouble.

Maud—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her. Maud—Alice told her. Boston Budget.

THIS SEASON'S SMART MEN WEAR FANCY WAISTCOATS NOWADAYS.



CREIGHTON WEBB WEARS THIS. Has zig-zag stripes, resembling electric flashes.



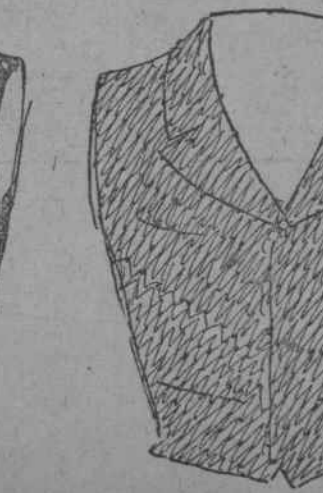
BROCKHOLST CUTTING'S DESIGN. It is of gray corduroy, with a fine stripe.



HAMILTON CARY'S PLAID. It is brown and blue, and very English.



IVOR GUEST'S HIGH CUT. Of dark blue cloth, faintly patterned.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S. Made of heavy silk rep, with a cream dot.



WHAT THE DUKE WORE. A silken weave of chambray color.



BERRY WALL'S WAISTCOAT. Has a Fleur de Lis pattern.